PAGE 1 PANEL 1
Open on an extra large panel, nearly a splash of a Great Old One, one of the old Gods of Thanagar. It's night, and the setting is an old, dirty industrial park in Chicago. The Great Old One can be in his flowing robes and headdress (see Savage Hawkman #16 for reference), or you can design a new look. The Great Old One holds Hawkgirl/Shayera by her throat and holds her up at arm's length. Her boots dangle, while she is held high in the air. She's dressed in her Hawkgirl outfit, less Valkyrie-styled, and more tactical (PLEASE re-design her outfit from the New 52 dinner plates on her breasts). I'd love it if she still retains the helmet and other classic elements, but feel free to redesign. Her wings are metal like those of Archangel (X-Men). The metal wings are important because during this story arc, Shayera will lose her metal wings and be reborn (REBIRTH!) with wings of flesh, bone, and feather, as she was originally born on Thanagar. Shayera struggles against the Great Old One. Her gauntleted hands are wrapped around his wrist. She's battle worn, and her mace is nowhere to be found to defend herself. This is a desperate situation, and she knows it.

CAPTION/TITLE: Soon.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): These are my last breaths.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): They're not taken in defense of my home planet of THANAGAR…

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): But in protecting my NEW home.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): This fight is for EARTH.

LETTERING NOTE:
Lower right corner for credits

HAWKGIRL
WEAPONS
OF WAR

Written by Erica Schultz
Art by Sonny Liew Colors
by TBD
Letters by TBD

PAGE 1 PANEL 2
Cut to a medium shot of the Great Old One with Shayera pulled close to him, nose to nose.

GREAT OLD ONE: How QUICKLY your opinion of humanity has changed.

SHAYERA: We destroyed Thanagar…{gnnf}…with WAR and GREED!
SHAYERA: The humans still…{koff}…deserve a CHOICE…

GREAT OLD ONE: They MADE their choice!

PAGE 2 PANEL 1
Shayera is thrown to the side like a rag doll, slamming into a brick wall next to an African American male in his late thirties. He's unconscious and looks messed up from a fight. He's a cop, so his Chicago PD badge will be either around his neck or on his belt, along with an empty gun holster. His name is Detective Will Cariad, Shayera's human partner.

SFX: WHUD

SHAYERA: UNGF!

GREAT OLD ONE (FROM OFF): No one forces them to SLAUGHTER each other.
GREAT OLD ONE (FROM OFF): It is just their NATURE to do so…

PAGE 2 PANEL 2
The Great Old One leans down to Shayera's level. She's broken. He knows it.

GREAT OLD ONE: As it is OURS to CONQUER.

SHAYERA: You KNOW the Nth metal…{huk}…MANIPULATES them.

GREAT OLD ONE: Even WITHOUT our influence, their madness was INEVITABLE.

GREAT OLD ONE: Do you still want to be the great savior of Earth?
GREAT OLD ONE: Yes…Hawkgirl TRULY IS the perfect hero for Earth…The one humanity DESERVES.

PAGE 2 PANEL 3
Shayera removes her helmet, revealing more cuts and bruises on her face. She's done. She's never fought harder in her life, but she's beaten.

GREAT OLD ONE (FROM OFF/CAPTION): Take solace in this, SHAYERA THAL…
GREAT OLD ONE (FROM OFF/CAPTION): Your failure is not WHOLLY to blame for Earth's demise.

PAGE 2 PANEL 4
Cut to an ECU of Shayera's gauntlet hand clutching Will Cariad's hand.

SHAYERA (FROM OFF): I'm…I'm sorry I let you down, Will.

PAGE 2 PANEL 5
Pull back to reveal Shayera is slumped next to Will. Will is bloody and taking his last breath.

WILL: {kaff kaff}

PAGE 2 PANEL 6
The Great Old One's hand comes into frame, grabbing Shayera by the arm, yanking.

SHAYERA: I've let YOU ALL down.

GREAT OLD ONE (FROM OFF): Yes…Let me show you how much…

PAGE 3 PANEL 1
Cut to an outdoor crime scene in the early morning. It's a large panel/wide angle shot showing that the temperature is cool, and the morning fog hasn't burned off yet. There are remnants of snow on the ground. Detective Will Cariad (the African American man we just saw) crouches next to two lumps covered in white sheets to the left side of the panel. Each lump is about half the size of a regular human. Will wears a leather coat and jeans, and his Chicago PD badge hangs from around his neck. He's not beaten or bloodied like he was in the last panel. A second dead body in a black body bag is wheeled toward an ambulance. There's crime scene tape cordoning off the half block in front of an abandoned industrial building. Uniformed police are around the scene, as well.

CAPTION: Chicago's South Side.
CAPTION: Now.

WILL (SOTTO): C'mon, Shayera…Don't let me down.

PAGE 3 PANEL 2
Push in on the left side of the panel. Detective Shawna Hall (Shayera Thal's "human" alter ego) ducks under the police tape being held by up for her by a uniformed police officer. She wears dark jeans and a short, gray trench coat tied closed around her waist. She has her gun on her belt and her Gotham badge around her neck, along with a large purse to hold her mace, like this:





When we see her badge, her Gotham PD badge number is 2682. She holds a take out cup of coffee in one hand for her partner.

PAGE 3 PANEL 3
Two shot. Shayera hands Will the cup of coffee. Both of them smirk with the gallows humor that comes with their job.

SHAYERA: Detective Cariad.

WILL: Detective Hall.

SHAYERA: Hazelnut.

WILL: You're an angel.

SHAYERA (SOTTO): Not exactly.

PAGE 3 PANEL 4
Cariad sips the coffee happily as Shayera crouches next to one of the body parts covered by the sheet. She lifts the sheet slightly. Will is unfazed by the sight.

WILL: The other one's being loaded up, but we found both pieces of this vic about an hour ago.

SHAYERA: BOTH pieces?

WILL: That section there is the HEAD.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Examining the wound may help me recognize the weapon that made it.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): And that could give me a clue who I'm dealing with.

PAGE 3 PANEL 5
Reverse shot to what's under the sheet. It's a young man, no older than 25, with a gaping crater in his chest. It's charred, and the wound looks like a giant cigarette burn. The young man has a green bandana on his head. Other than the "cigarette burn," there are no other wounds.

WILL (FROM OFF): Ever seen anything like that before, Hall?

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Yes. But not on THIS planet.

PAGE 3 PANEL 6
Cut to Shayera's bag. Something (her mace) is rumbling inside.

SFX: BRRRRRM

WILL (FROM OFF): Hall?

PAGE 3 PANEL 7
Same framing as above, but an X-ray of her bag, showing her mace is glowing with energy.

WILL (FROM OFF): Earth to Hall.
WILL (FROM OFF): I think your phone's ringing.

PAGE 4 PANEL 1
Shayera backs away from Will. He's unfazed, sipping his coffee. She's kind of nervous.

SHAYERA: I…right…Let me take this call.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): My mace wouldn't be making so much noise if it didn't detect Nth metal somewhere around here.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): This is the third crime scene in as many weeks where the "Weird Weapons Squad" was called in.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): I wish I had answers for WHO'S gotten access to Thanagarian tech and HOW they're getting it out on the streets.

PAGE 4 PANEL 2
Shayera has her phone to her head, feigning a call. Light is emanating from her bag. She walks towards a dumpster.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): There are literally THOUSANDS of intergalactic arms dealers, but most of them stay clear of Earth…

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): …Something about humans being too FRAGILE.

PAGE 4 PANEL 3
Cut to Shayera crouching next to the dumpster. The light from her mace gets brighter from her purse.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): {AUGH!} Smells like a Czarnian outhouse!

PAGE 4 PANEL 4
Cut to a reverse shot from under the dumpster. Silhouetted in the foreground is a weirdly shaped gun, like something from Flash Gordon, something Ray Palmer would have designed. Shayera is seen looking under the dumpster.

PAGE 4 PANEL 5
Cut to Will standing behind Shayera.

WILL: Hall, you find something?

PAGE 4 PANEL 6
Shayera turns to face him.

SHAYERA: Nope…I just, uh…dropped my phone.

WILL: Gross.

PAGE 4 PANEL 7
Shayera and Will walk away from the dumpster. There’s an X-ray of her bag. It shows her mace AND the gun she just fished out from under the dumpster.

WILL: C’mon. Captain Nahodah wants us back for a sitrep.

PAGE 5 PANEL 1
Cut to Shayera in the interior hallway of a modest apartment building. She's at the front door of her apartment. She is dressed as we saw her earlier: jeans and a gray, mid-length trench coat, with her handbag.

CAPTION/TITLE: Avalon Park District.
CAPTION/TITLE: Later.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): I hate lying to Will and the Captain, but mostly to Will.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): He's a good detective and a good friend…

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Not to mention one of the few humans I can count on here.

PAGE 5 PANEL 2
Cut to a wide angle shot of the interior of the apartment. It's an Ikea/modern/minimalist furnished apartment with white walls. There's a small end table next to the front door of the apartment.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): But despite all his training, this is WAY over his or ANY human's head.

PAGE 5 PANEL 3
Shayera walks past a large floor to ceiling bookshelf filled with every hard-boiled, crime film noir DVD known to man.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Since I arrived, I've been collecting whatever Thanagarian weapons I can find from these crime scenes…

PAGE 5 PANEL 4
Shayera stands, with her back to camera, in front of another large floor to ceiling bookshelf covered in books. It's on an interior wall of the apartment. In one hand at her side is the gun she confiscated from beneath the dumpster earlier. Her other hand holds her mace. She is not armored up.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): But still no leads as to who's REALLY in charge.

PAGE 5 PANEL 5
Same framing, but the bookshelf is replaced with a vault door.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): {Hmph}…It's a pity human holographic technology is so…

PAGE 6 SPLASH PAGE
Cut to the interior of this vault. It’s a gun locker the size of a bedroom with all types of technology mounted on the walls, both Thanagarian and human. Think the weapons locker in *Men In Black*. There’s a small table on the side, like a safe deposit box room. Mounted to the wall above the table is a large TV screen. We also see a glimpse of the Hawkgirl helmet, along with other warhawk armor and melee weapons. There’s a filing cabinet in the room, just a standard, gray, 4 drawer one. There are also a few blank spaces on the wall, one of which will hold the new gun Shayera is examining.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): …PRIMITIVE.

PAGE 7 PANEL 1
Shayera places the gun from tonight's incident and her mace on the small table.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): For all the tech this warhawk left me, there's nothing here that would allow me to contact Thanagar.

PAGE 7 PANEL 2
Shayera rummages around in a filing cabinet drawer, looking for her scanner.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Though, I don't know if I'd have any ALLIES there even if I could.

PAGE 7 PANEL 3
Shayera waves a tricorder-like machine (but cooler looking) over the gun on the table. She looks up at the screen mounted above the table. It's building an x-ray/3D scan of the gun.

SHAYERA (TO HERSELF): Now, let's see if I can pull any residual energy signatures.

PAGE 7 PANEL 4
Cut to the screen. A full image of the gun is on the screen. There's a red flag that pops up saying, "HUMAN DNA FOUND."

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Well, well, well…I'll run that through the database at the station and see if we get a hit.

PAGE 7 PANEL 5
Shayera holds the gun in her hands. She feels the weight of it. She feels the weight of the impact of the guns on the street, too.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): Glad this isn't on the streets anymore.

PAGE 8 PANEL 1
Cut to the same gun in the hands of human.

SHAYERA (CAPTION/INNER MONOLOGUE): It can do A LOT of damage.

PAGE 8 PANEL 2
Snap out to reveal a man pointing the gun at the reader. His eyes are red and he's enraged and manic.

GREAT OLD ONE (CAPTION): "Behond, Shayera Thal…

PAGE 8 PANEL 3
Snap to a wide angle shot in an extra large panel. We're back where we started in the opening. People are shooting each other in the streets with Thanagarian guns. People are bleeding. The city is burning. It's pandemonium. High above the city, we see The Great Old One hovering over the chaos. He holds Shayera up, and she dangles by her wrist over the melee of people killing each other in the streets. Fires are burning. Every human has red eyes and rages on the next.

GREAT OLD ONE (CAPTION): "Look at all the damage YOU'VE helped create."